

Good Morning 541

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

It's "Chins Up" Still at Mitcham

L/S William Goodfellows



Blackboards are out—it's yellow chalk on leaf-green boards in the happy days ahead!

SLOWLY, but surely, something good is emerging from the shackles and general gloom of war.

Colour went to war with the rest of Britain in 1939. There were dyes to be provided for the Services, chemicals for life-saving, paint for essential buildings, paints of other kinds for camouflage.

But, due to the co-operation of the Dyestuffs Controller with the British Colour Council and all sections of the colour-making industry, development has acquired from war what world experience might have taken half a century to learn.

From earliest times colours have been regarded as symbols; these, under the stress of war, modern science has interpreted into colour effects which improve the conditions under which people work; brighten the atmosphere of hospitals, rest and sick-rooms; reduce misery and crime; and prolong the lives of thousands.

Post-war days are likely to witness such a remarkable development in the correct use of colour that we shall find our-

HOW COLOUR WILL RULE OUR LIVES IS TOLD BY MARTIN THORNHILL

selves wondering how war could succeed where peace had so signally failed.

Although we are not consciously aware of it, differences of colour in clothes, walls, furnishings, indeed, in almost everything around us, have every bit as powerful an influence on our efficiency, outlook and emotions as a headache or a bad night, a cocktail or a good square meal.

Just how has war shown the way? To begin with, danger spots among machinery which are marked bright red have reduced the risk of accidents.

Moving parts, handles and cut-outs are painted a colour which contrasts sharply with the background—that makes

for greater ease in operation.

Ability to see the job being done is only one of the functions of the human eye. It also takes note of its surroundings and classifies them as cheerful and stimulating, or gloomy and depressing. So studied colour schemes in walls and surroundings add an atmosphere of well-being, make workers alert and willing.

WAR TAUGHT THIS.

British war factories learned the value of such treatments and applied them, with remarkable effects on morale and output. Similar schemes were applied in canteens and hospitals.

In one cafeteria which had been decorated in very light blue, the girls complained of

the chilly atmosphere; in winter they even took to wearing their overcoats at meals. As the temperature had always been artificially controlled, no variation was really possible; nevertheless the complaints persisted.

A colour expert recommended that the wainscoting should be painted orange, and slips of the same shade fitted to the chairs. A simple enough remedy, but it banished the dissatisfaction.

Mood-conditioning in hospitals will certainly become a post-war permanency. Blue has been found to benefit air-raid neurotics. Reactions of all patients are far more satisfactory under the soothing influence of blue-green walls, and overalls and masks of doctors and nurses. "Men in white" may soon become an obsolete phrase.

Advanced colour technique is implicit in the recent discovery of the London School of Hygiene's Doctor Crowden that aluminium paint radiates more heat than any other. When a single electric lamp was kept

burning in a room so treated, it diffused enough heat to dispense entirely with fires, even in winter—a disclosure that may well revolutionise house design.

War researchists have learned the value of pigment in rubber goods; now the life of Army tyres is 20,000 miles as against an average 5,000, following the introduction of a new colour as a reinforcing agent.

Soon after the Cease Fire sounds, the British industry will be ready to export colours all over the world. Air transport will be one of the main arteries of overseas trade. From the urgent demands of war has emerged the revelation that the soothing effect of certain blues and greens is a powerful antidote to air-sickness.

Colour values may dictate that the antiquated school blackboard shall be replaced by yellow-tinted chalk against a leaf-green background, in an effort to check juvenile proneness to faulty vision.

Proved psychological benefits from improved artificial tinting of foods are certain to lead to further experiments based on the golden browns of pastries, and on reds and yellows widely applied, all of which cause the gastric juices to flow freely.

Sooner than you think, we may see colour applied on the highways. Fast vehicles restricted to a generous buff-coloured lane, slow traffic moving on grey concrete, pavements in buff and separated from a red cycle track by green islands with yellow kerbs, pedestrian crossings of bright yellow.

Thus may the vast ground arteries of to-morrow conform to the bright, safe world plan of the future, in which colour has been cast for a leading part.

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

SO the paper is moderately popular, is it, E.R.A. G. Stevenson? Very glad to hear it. Of course, if you let us have more details of your likes and dislikes we will do all we can to execute the changes.

We talked about your suggestion of leaving a space for news headlines taken down on the radio, and decided against it. Good as the idea is, we feel that space is short, and, anyway, there is usually some spare paper around that can be used for news bulletins.

By coincidence, on the day your letter arrived I sent off a batch of pin-up pictures to the office: commanding your submarine. However, if the pictures fail to get to your mess, perhaps you will let me know. Also, if there is any star or any place you would like, drop me a line and you will get it.

Regarding the poker dice, I have sent your request to the appropriate department, and soon you should hear from them.

Regarding your request for pictures of rural Staffordshire, that is in hand, too, and something will be done about it as soon as possible.

Write again, Stoker, and we will for ever be in your debt—especially if you keep us busy with requests.



WE'RE all blushing, A.B. Picken; yes, sir, we're very flattered by your appreciation of "Good Morning."

To get letters saying it's going down well really means something to us, and gives the boys even more enthusiasm—not that they really need it, of course.

Glad to see some of your shipmates have had news from home in the paper. Surely there must be quite a few who have addresses on this island? I'm trusting you to get them for me. Will you do that?

I have passed on your home address to the nearest correspondent, and any time now you should be hearing from your wife. Thanks also for the joke—you will be seeing it again one day.



A LETTER from 8 Morton Road, Liverpool, says all at home are well, Mr. Stanley Hawkey. Your wife asks if we can get you some photographs and a copy of the paper in which your home story appeared. Sure we can, and as soon as possible we will put them in the post.

LEADING SEAMAN TOM GILMORE missed the story and pictures from his home that we published some time ago, and asks that we let him have a copy.

Sure, Tom, we will do that, but can you give me some more details, such as the number of the paper and your home address?

Of course, we would do that any time for anyone. But, seeing as the Stoker promises an invitation to "sippers" if we do it, we will most certainly not fail him.



From Motherwell comes this charming picture of the wife and son of P.O. Tel. Alex. Dickson—formerly on "Sahib" and now a P.O.W.

By the way, will you pass on my best wishes to all of your shipmates, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting?



FROM Severn Gardens, Gateshead comes a letter signed "Mrs. E. Wilson." So I suppose by this time you will have seen some pictures from home, Mr. Wilson.

The letter says all at home is shipshape, and closes with a promise of any possible help for "Good Morning."

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

IN Motherwell recently, P.O. Tel. McBeth took me to 38 Dalziel Street to meet the wife and son of P.O. Tel. Alex. Dickson.

Alex was on "Sahib," and is now in a German prison camp. His family are all well, and from his letters he is cheerful, as might be expected.

He would like to hear from former shipmates. The address: Lager-Bezeichnung, Marlag and Milag Nord (Marlag M.), Deutschland (Alemagne).

What about a letter or two to a brother submariner?

THANKS for your good wishes, E.R.A. Williams. I think it's probable that you may have seen a photograph of your fiancée by this time. The correspondent who was given the assignment has never been known to fail. Anyway, if he does, we will see what can be done from this office.

Cheerio for now, gents. Good luck.



MORE awards—more gongs—more "Good Morning" congratulations "For undaunted courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in one of H.M. Submarines in Far Eastern waters:—

D.S.O.

Act. Lieut.-Comm. Edward Preston Young, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

D.S.C.

Lieut. Chas. Brian Mills, R.N.

Bar to D.S.M.

Engine Room Artificer Third Class, Richard McDonald Hodgson, D.S.M.

D.S.M.

Act. Chief Engine Room Artificer Robert Brown;

Petty Officer Edward Robert Evans, and

Act. Ldg. Seaman William Thomas Bradburn Taylor.

Mention in Despatches.

Mr. William Henry Ray, D.S.M., Warr. Engineer, R.N.; Acting Chief Petty Officer Francis Gordon Selby, D.S.M.; Act. Yeoman of Signals Edwin Robinson, and Elec. Artificer Fourth Class Walter Rudolph Cottrell.

Ron Richards

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE COOK OF THE "GANNET"

The Skipper meets his match in this great "TWO-DAY" yarn by W. W. JACOBS

"ALL ready for sea, and no cook," said the mate of the schooner *Gannet*, gloomily. "What's become of all the cooks I can't think."

"They most on 'em ship as mates now," said the skipper, grinning. "But you needn't worry about that; I've got one coming aboard to-night. I'm trying a new experiment, George."

"I once knew a chemist who tried one," said George, "and it blew him out of the window; but I never heard of shipmasters trying 'em."

"There's all kinds of experiments," rejoined the other. "What do you say to a lady cook, George?"

"A what?" asked the mate in tones of strong amazement. "What, aboard a schooner?"

"Why not?" inquired the skipper warmly. "Why not? There's plenty of 'em ashore—why not aboard ship?"

"Tain't proper, for one

thing," said the mate virtuously.

"I shouldn't have expected you to have thought of that," said the other unkindly. "Besides, they have stewardesses on big ships, an' what's the difference? She's a sort o' relation o' mine, too—cousin o' my wife's, a widder woman, and a good sensible age, an' as the doctor told her to take a sea voyage for the benefit of her 'elth, she's coming with me for six months as cook. She'll take her meals with us; but, o' course, the men are not to know of the relationship."

"What about sleeping accommodation?" inquired the

mate, with the air of a man man snorted fiercely—"let the box go through the window getting off the top, and the cabman

putting a poser. "I've thought o' that," replied the other; "it's all arranged."

The mate, with an uncompromising air, waited for information.

"She—she's to have your berth, George," continued the skipper, without looking at him. "You can have that nice, large, airy locker."

"One what the biscuit and onions kep' in?" inquired George.

The skipper nodded. "I think, if it's all the same to you," said the mate, with laboured politeness, "I'll wait till the butter keg's empty, and crowd into that."

"It's no use your making yourself unpleasant about it," said the skipper, "not a bit. The arrangements are made now, and here she comes."

Following his gaze, the mate looked up as a stout, comely-looking woman of middle age came along the jetty, followed by the watchman staggering under a box of enormous proportions.

"Jim!" cried the lady.

"Halloa!" cried the skipper, starting uneasily at the title. "We've been expecting you for some time."

"There's a row on with the cabman," said the lady calmly. "This silly old man"—the watch-

wants me to pay. He's out there using language, and he keeps calling me grandma—I want you to have him locked up."

"Come down below now," said the skipper; "we'll see about the cab. Mrs. Blossom—my mate. George, go and send that cab away."

Mrs. Blossom, briefly acknowledging the introduction, followed the skipper to the cabin, while the mate, growling under

his breath, went out to enter into a verbal contest in which he was from the first hopelessly overmatched.

The new cook, being somewhat fatigued with her journey, withdrew at an early hour, and the sun was well up when she appeared on deck next morning. The wharves and warehouses of the night before had disappeared, and the schooner, under a fine spread of canvas, was just passing Tilbury.

"There's one thing I must put a stop to," said the skipper, as he and the mate, after an admirably-cooked breakfast, stood together talking. "The men seem to be hanging round that galley too much."

"What can you expect?" demanded the mate. "They've all got their Sunday clothes on too, pretty dears."

"Hi, you Bill!" cried the skipper. "What are you doing there?"

"Lending cook a hand with the saucepans, sir," said Bill, an oakum-bearded man of sixty.

"There ain't no call for 'im to come 'ere at all, sir," shouted another seaman, putting his head out of the galley. "Me an' cook's lifting 'em beautiful."

"Come out, both of you, or I'll start you with a rope!" roared the irritated commander.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Blossom. "They're not doing any harm."

"I can't have 'em there," said the skipper gruffly. "They've got other things to do."

"I must have some assistance with that boiler and the saucepans," said Mrs. Blossom decidedly.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. To tamp is to interfere, gossip, bevel a metal edge, fill up a hole, fit a sole to a shoe?
2. Who built the first English Navy?
3. When you comb your hair in the dark you sometimes see electric sparks. About what is their voltage?
4. How did Jonas Hanway nearly cause a riot in London in 1770?

5. What is the more common name of the bird also called the Ox-eye?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 500, 1,000.

Answers to Quiz in No. 540

1. Kind of bat.
2. Tine is the prong of a fork, harrow, or antler; tang is the part of a knife or tool which goes into the handle.
3. Edward the Second's.
4. Golf.
5. 221b Baker Street.
6. Loach is a fresh-water fish; others are sea fish.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



"FEW newspaper columnists have a deep and wide knowledge of the subjects on which they write. Few, for example, have a rich background of historical information. Still fewer have a grasp of philosophy."

"In fact, it is to be feared, judging from the run of the mine output, that a good many practitioners of this favourite form of contemporary journalism would ask: What's the use of history when all that concerns us is current events?"

That silly comment on a feature of modern newspaper work comes from Father Gillis, who writes a column in the "Catholic Herald Citizen," Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I submit, in answer to the criticism, these names, forming but a minute section of Fleet Street's columnists, past and present: G. K. Chesterton, Tom Driberg, M.P., Hannen Swaffer, Beverley Baxter, M.P., Cassandra, Edgar Wallace, Charles Dickens, and so on.

Not philosophers? Seldom if ever does a man have a column (in public newspapers, of course) until he has served journalism in its many phases, of reporting, interviewing, re-writing, etc.

I defy any man or woman to join any reporter staff for a couple of years and remain ignorant of the subject of every paragraph in every paper. Namely, people.



HUGH O'NEILL, whose Irish fifty-metre record has yet to be beaten, will go North early next year to swim against some of the Ulster top-notchers—he is himself a Northerner.

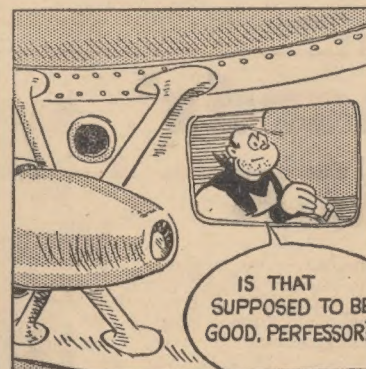
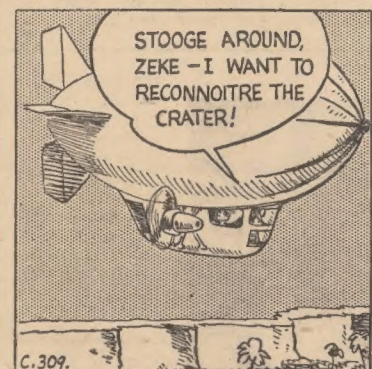
He is rated to have about the most perfect crawl among swimmers, but he doesn't advise anyone to copy it.

Each swimmer, he says, should work out his own most natural stroke—or, rather, his way of taking that stroke.

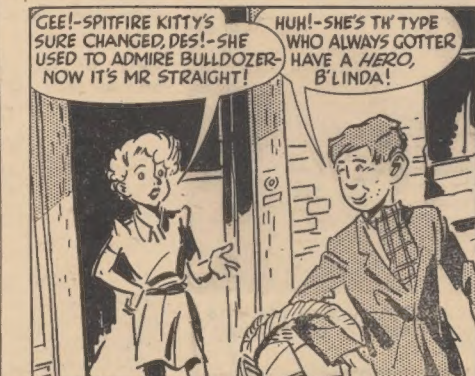
Hugh keeps office hours, smokes, pays no particular attention to the normal rules of training.

Swimming, he says, is a very temperamental sport. Whether you are going to make a record may depend on your food during the day, or your general feeling at zero hour.

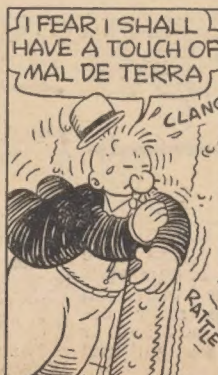
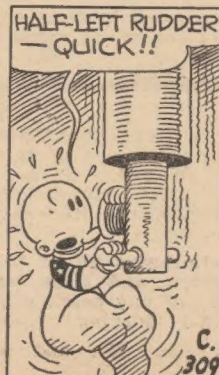
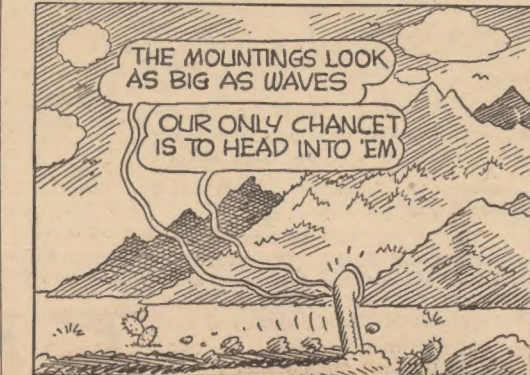
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

480

1. Put a crag in SY and get a yarn.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four sweets: ALEGRAM, YELSUBEL, EDGUF, FEETOF.
3. In the following four sea-side towns the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 3467158923, 634F590, 6587H320, 158923M587H.

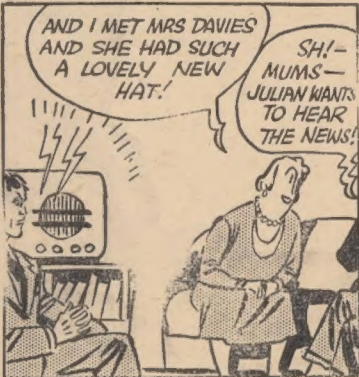
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 479

1. PleadER.
2. BRADAWL, CHISEL, HAMMER, SPANNER.
3. Nantes, Orleans, Toulon, Tours

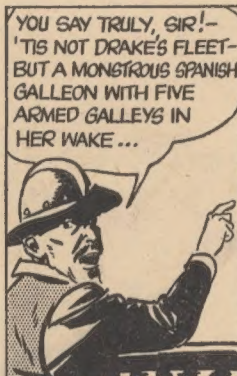
JANE



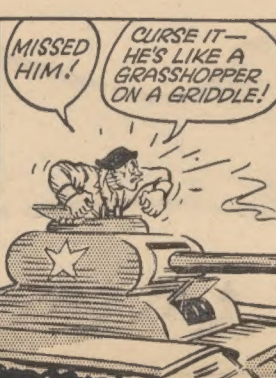
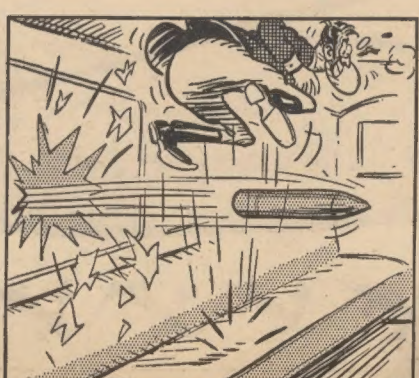
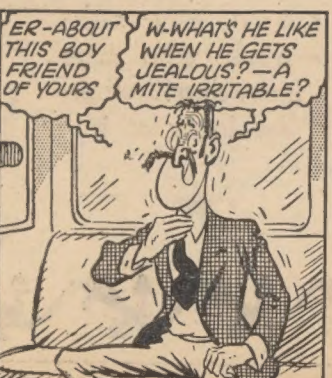
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE COOK OF THE "GANNET"

(Continued from Page 2)

"so don't you interfere with what don't concern you, Jimmy." "That's mutiny," whispered the horrified mate. "Sheer, rank mutiny." "She don't know no better," whispered the other back. "Cook, you mustn't talk like that to the cap'n—what me and the mate tell you you must do. You don't understand yet, but it'll come easier by-and-bye." "Will it," demanded Mrs. Blossom loudly; "will it? I don't think it will. How dare you talk to me like that, Jim Harris? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" "My name's Cap'n Harris," said the skipper stiffly. "Well, Captain Harris," said Mrs. Blossom scornfully; "and what'll happen if I don't do as you and that other shamefaced-looking man tell me?" "We hope it won't come to that," said Harris, with quiet

dignity, as he paused at the companion. "But the mate's in charge just now, and I warn you he's a very severe man. Don't stand no nonsense, George."

With these brave words the skipper disappeared below, and the mate, after one glance at the dauntless and imposing attitude of Mrs. Blossom walked to the side and became engrossed in a passing steamer. A hum of wondering admiration arose from the crew, and the cook, thoroughly satisfied with her victory, returned to the scene of her labours. For the next twenty-four hours Mrs. Blossom reigned supreme, and performed the cooking for the vessel, assisted by five ministering seamen. The weather was fine, and the wind light, and the two officers were at their wits' end to find jobs for the men.

"Why don't you put your foot down," grumbled the mate, as a burst of happy laughter came from the direction of the galley. "The idea of men

laughing like that aboard ship; they're carrying on just as though we wasn't here."

"Will you stand by me?" demanded the skipper, pale but determined.

"Of course I will," said the other indignantly.

"Now, my lads," said Harris, stepping forward, "I can't have you chaps hanging round the galley all day; you're getting in cook's way and hindering her. Just get your knives out; I'll have the masts scraped."

"You just stay where you are," said Mrs. Blossom. "When they're in my way, I'll soon let 'em know."

"Did you hear what I said?" thundered the skipper, as the men hesitated.

"Aye, aye, sir," muttered the crew, moving off.

"How dare you interfere with me?" said Mrs. Blossom hotly, as she realised the defeat. "Ever since I've been on this ship you've been trying to aggravate me. I wonder the men don't hit you, you nasty, ginger-whiskered little man."

MORE TO-MORROW

CURIOS OF NATURE

ONE of the strangest trees in the world is the baobab, for the circumference of its trunk is often equal to its height. This Falstaff of trees swells at a prodigious rate. Very careful measurements were kept of one planted in the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta, and it was found to attain a circumference of 18 feet in 25 years. Many of the trees only thirty feet high have a girth of the same amount.

From the top of the tree the branches grow out almost horizontally, and as the tree has large leaves, something like those of the horse chestnut, it presents an umbrella-like appearance. Cape Verde (Green Cape) is supposed to have been so named from the

dense carpet of green formed by the baobab trees.

The tree has large white flowers, which it bears on top in great profusion. When it is in full flower the effect from a distance is as if it were covered with snow. The flowers give way to a fruit with a pleasant taste.

Not much use has been found for the tree, although the bark yields a coarse rope and cloth fibre. Sometimes the trunks have been hollowed out by patient natives and formed into a hut, without, apparently, doing much harm to the tree!

The tree grows to a great age, and some living specimens are believed to have lived over 2,000 years.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Thin candle. 6 Chafed. 11 Sovereign remedy. 13 Whittle. 14 Moose. 15 Extensive. 17 Pinch. 18 Fat. 20 Shade of meaning. 21 Rouse. 23 Perplex. 25 Old violin. 28 Eminence. 30 Old soldier. 32 Larva. 35 Knew of old. 36 Droop. 38 Bird. 39 Appear dimly. 41 Women. 43 Isolated. 44 Healthy-looking.

CLUES DOWN. 1 English river. 2 Refer. 3 Big fish. 4 Former. 5 Bone. 7 Erect. 8 Way. 9 Boy's name. 10 Rely. 12 Skating surface. 16 Invited one. 19 Number. 22 Girl's name. 23 Quarrels. 24 Agent. 26 Sheep. 27 Penetration. 29 Spoken. 31 Small plant. 33 Guiding strap. 34 Working. 37 Talk. 40 Scholar. 42 Accomplish.

ASS LEGENDS
FILLIP WAIT
FRO MINERVA
E WINE RAG
CALM SAGA G
THYME TITLE
E ORB PEAR
GALLEONS U
IDEA LAYERS
L STRUM LEA
DOSE SEEMLY

GRANDFATHER SWINGS FROM TREE TO TREE

Tarzan can be tricky in movies. The Tarzan yell takes five different sound-tracks—varying from Weissmuller's yell to the howl of a hyena and the raspy note of G on the violin.

Once the movie story required a steaming lake in the African wilds. The location experts found such a lake in Florida, but it refused to steam more than one day in seven. Every wisp of steam cost the film company plenty.

A herd of hippos broke out of their stockade and did £25,000 worth of damage to crops. A special unit went to Africa at enormous cost to photograph the rare okapi. They never found one.

A lion cost thousands of pounds by refusing to chase a small boy. The king of beasts either lay down on the job or loped off in the wrong direction. When he did get busy the small boy forgot to run.

But the Tarzan creator lives a quiet life. In a soundproof study—the shelves lined with books on Africa just to make sure mistakes don't creep in nowadays. He dictates when he feels in the mood.

In the previous war he caused Tarzan to do his bit by biting German officers and feeding them to lions. The Nazis banned him as a result!

Edgar Rice Burroughs has been everything in his time from a gold prospector to a cavalry officer. He once peddled pots and pans, and before that he sold pencil-sharpeners.

He has policed in Salt Lake City and helped manage a multiple store.

He's been a cow-hand and car salesman. Strangely enough, his cowboy stories—written from actual experience—are way down the list of best-sellers.

Yet even Tarzan didn't take at first. Many publishers turned down the book idea because they thought the title would offend refined people.

By the strict rules of fact and biology, Tarzan is now a grandfather, but he still keeps swinging from tree to tree. He's a radio star, too, and he runs as a comic strip in about 200 newspapers and 30 different languages. That's fame.

Alex Crack

"I've broken my glasses—will I have to be examined all over again?"
"No, madam, just your eyes."

**Good
Morning**

**Now that Jane's
come out to
play—Georgie
Porgie's run
away!**



★
Artist PETT hopes
you'll like this
"clothes-up" of
Jane—ha! ha!—
JOKE!—get it?—
and Fritz says he'll
crown any sub-
mariner who says
"lucky dog!" when
he looks at it.
★